THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

"The earth also is defiled under the inhabitants thereof; because they have transgressed the laws, changed the ordinance, broken the everlasting covenant."
—ISAIAH XXIV, 5.

No. 48, Vol. XLVIII. Monday, November 29, 1886. Price One Penny.

A WORD OF WARNING.

BY ELDER JAS. J. CHANDLER.

WE would say to our kind readers who are not of our faith, do not throw this down carelessly; it concerns you. If it seems like an oft-repeated cry, it comes from a different source and in a different manner to that which you may have been accustomed to hear. To come to the point at once, the Lord has spoken in this the nineteenth century. Not in some mysterious, incomprehensible manner, but in a plain, audible tone. Nay more, He has even revealed His glorious presence and conversed with men as in days of old. You will probably readily admit that all the sects that profess to teach Christianity cannot be teaching the pure doctrines of Christ and leading mankind in the way to heaven; and if all are not right, did it never occur to you that they all may be wrong?

In the spring of A.D. 1820, the Lord told a young man in America that all the sects were wrong; that their creeds were an abomination in His sight; that their professors were all corrupt, drawing near to Him with their lips, while their hearts were far from Him; teaching for doctrine the commandments of men; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof. That young man's name was Joseph Smith. On the 22nd of Sept. 1827, a holy angel delivered to him some sacred records, and he was commissioned to translate them by the aid of the Urim and Thummim, or "Holy Interpreters," found with them.

On the 15th of May, 1829, John the Baptist appeared to him and his companion, Oliver Cowdery, and laid his hands upon them, conferring the Aaronic Priesthood, which gave them authority to baptize each other and all mankind in water in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Subsequently Peter, James and John came and conferred upon them the higher or Melchisedec Priesthood and Apostleship.

The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints was organized April 6, 1830. A code of revelations and commandments was given by the Almighty for its guidance, signs fol-

lowed the believer in accordance with the promise of the Savior (Mark xvi, 17, 18), and the persecutions of the world increased as the youthful Church advanced in numbers. Still that Church exists and is growing. Would you obtain the privilege of dwelling in the kingdom of heaven, you must become a member thereof. In a revelation of Jesus Christ, given to Joseph Smith and six Elders in September 1832, is found the following significant language: "Therefore as I said unto mine Apostles, I say unto you again, that every soul who believeth in your words and is baptized by water for the remission of sins shall receive the Holy Ghost..... Verily, verily I say unto you, they who believe not on your words and are not baptized in water in my name for the remission of their sins that they may receive the Holy Ghost, shall be damned, and shall not come into my Father's kingdom where my Father and I am. And this revelation unto you and commandment is in force from this very hour upon all the world."

Now, dear reader, you may not heed this warning, but be assured you will be confronted thereby in the great hereafter; hence it is presented to you with an earnest desire that for your soul's sake you will give it your serious attention. The Lord is still sending out His servants to warn and to try to save mankind by bearing their testimony, and He has said further, in a revelation given December 1832: "For after your testimony cometh the testimony of earthquakes, that shall cause groanings in the midst of her, and men shall fall upon the ground and shall not be able to stand. And also cometh the testimony of the voice of thunderings, and the voice of lightnings, and the voice of tempests, and the voice of the waves of the sea heaving themselves beyond their bounds, and all things shall be in commotion, and surely men's hearts shall fail them, for fear shall come upon all people."

Now, as a humble servant of God, the writer appeals to you to reflect. Have you not noticed the reports of earthquakes, floods, etc., during the present year, in New Zealand, in India, in Europe and in America? Can you not see that already men's hearts are failing them for fear of a terrible crisis close at hand? Will you not acknowledge the hand of God in these things? Would you escape the judgments of God upon Great Babylon? Then embrace the Gospel, gather with God's people while there is an opportunity, for I testify to you that the day of God's judgment is at hand.

The Prophet Joseph Smith sealed his testimony with his blood, and with many of his brethren has gone to join that noble band of martyrs "slain for the word of God and the testimony which they held" (Rev. vi, 9); nevertheless God has commenced the work of setting up that "kingdom which shall never be destroyed .....nor left to other people, but..... it shall stand forever."

SCEPTICISM IN THE NURSERY.

In the theatre, the other evening, I had for neighbors a father and his son. The latter had entered on his teens, and was a boy who liked to have everything explained to him. His guardian was one of those fathers to whom it is a pleasure to explain. Before the curtain rose the lad detected "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*" inscribed on it, and immediately thirsted for its history. His father told him the pretty old story; and when he had finished the boy asked, "But why did the courtiers smile?" I mention this to merely remind myself that there are still some boys left who don't know everything. If my children had been in that boy's place they would have smiled too—not at the story, but at my credulity in believing it. I should learn from them at once either that garters were not worn in those days, or that what King Edward really said was something quite different. Scepticism nowadays begins in the nursery. I don't know

that this is a matter to be turned from with a laugh; perhaps there is something in it too serious for that. Education now goes on apace. My eldest boy at twelve knows more Latin than I did at fifteen; but I wish more things were Greek to him. He has just learned with a great deal more satisfaction than it has given to me that Wellington never said "Up, Guards, and at them!" All the General said was, it seems, "Now, men, get ready," or something to that effect. Possibly; but if so it should have been kept dark. "Up, Guards, and at them!" The eyes of the boys of my day glistened when they heard the tale. "England," said Nelson, "expects every man to do his duty." Oh dear no; nothing of the sort. Any young fellow of thirteen can tell you that there is good ground for believing that Nelson never used those words. All I can say is that the boy of forty years ago would have stood up for the phrase as long as he could see out of either eye. Only this summer it was discovered, apparently to the delight of everyone, that the Queen never pointed to a Bible when asked by a foreign potentate what was "the secret of England's greatness." Yet the engraving that illustrates this incident is perhaps the most popular of all pictures in the houses of the poor, and thousands of children have got their first sermon from it. However, they will know better now. Our boys understand history as we never did. They find it difficult to believe that their fathers, in their young days, accepted for a moment the story of Tell and the apple. There never was such a person as William Tell. It is a "myth" not improbably connected, somehow, with the Sun-god. Here is an instructive proof that our boys will have no more of these old legends. Until lately the most popular of the "shooting galleries" at fairs was the "William Tell." In this a wooden figure of a human being represented Tell's son, and it stood at the back of a tent with a ball painted like an apple on its head. The marksman fired at the apple—or ball if you will—and if he knocked it off he got a cigar. This used to appeal effectively to the boyish imagination, and I know that we practiced till we became Tells in point of aim, and I dare say made ourselves very sick with the cigars afterwards. Our boys, however, have "chaffed' the "William Tell" showman out of livelihood. They prefer to fire at a glass bottle suspended by a string; and when they hit it they insist on getting a different sort of prize, because "show" cigars are never good. Fancy our knowing at that age whether a cigar was good or not! During the last summer holidays my eldest son came into the library one day and tumbled the books about until I asked him what he wanted. He wanted W A S in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. I found it for him; but after he had done with the book he was not satisfied. "Are any of George Washington's relatives living yet?" he inquired. Why was he so curious? He had his doubts about the story of Washington and the hatchet, and thought of writing to the hero's family to clear up the point. I could have boxed his ears (Heavens! how he would have been startled), and, as it was, bundled him out of the room. And yet I suppose it was greatly to his credit. It showed an "intelligent interest" in his studies, and what an age of research it is! Children used to revel in the stories told them by their mothers. These stories were a link between mother and child; artists painted them together as the tale was being unfolded, and no one laughed because the child was represented listening breathlessly. Many books were written, under such titles as "Tell Me a Story," for assisting the mother's imagination. Some of these stories are told still, but it is hardly worth while to narrate them. The children take them as a matter of course, and anticipate the end. They don't believe for a moment that the wolf ate little Red Riding Hood's grandmother; and the very fact that Jack is small and the giants very large lets them know at once that he will overcome them all. I attempt story-telling myself; but it is no good. There are so many wonderful books for boys that my finest conceptions fall flat. I take my hero into the depths of the forest. It is night, and

his only weapon is a penknife. Dark shadows glide past, which he knows to be wolves. There is the roar of the lion, the monarch of the forest, in the distance. Monkeys leap from tree to tree; serpents of prodigious amplitude are creeping about in all directions. This is surely piling it on pretty high; but my audience are only mildly interested. I set the forest on fire. What a situation! Alone in the jungle, except for the affrighted beasts that rush by—alone with a penknife! Death stares him in the face. I look round to see how this takes. "I know what he did," says Tom, coolly; "he cut the grass round about him with his knife, and so the flames could not get near him." "He escaped into the cave," says Jack, though I had made no mention of a cave. "He jumped on a buffalo, which bore him to a place of safety," suggests Milly, for it is not the males alone who are *blase*. I confess that he was to have done one of these things, but I am irritated into killing him just as a lesson to them. "Next morning," I say impressively, "nothing remained to mark the spot where he stood but a few ashes." "Whose were they?" asked Jack. "Were they a tiger's?" asked Milly, at last a little impressed. "Not at all," I say testily; "they were the hero's; he had been burned to death!" "But what," Tom would like to know, "did he do after that?" "What could he do," I retorted, "after he was dead? That is the end of the story." "But he wasn't really dead," Milly says, with conviction. "Dead, and reduced to ashes," I say. "But I thought it was a story!" And so they go away with a very poor opinion of that sort of a tale. Sometimes I make a denizen of the jungle bite off the hero's head, and they say "Yes!" as if the story was just beginning to be interesting. It is just the same whether he is drowned at sea, or blown from a gun, or buried in a living tomb. However, both my boys are in three languages now; and Milly can correct her father when he mixes up Wyatt and the Earl of Surrey.—*St. James's Gazette.*

MODERN SODOM AND GOMORRAH.

In the age in which we live, the wickedness of the world is ripening quickly to perfection. The reaper, Destruction, will soon go forth with his sickle, when the retribution of a just God will follow the sullenness and contempt of this generation, manifested on every hand, to the command of Him who rules the universe, and who has called upon all men to repent of their wickedness and turn to Him and live. Who shall say that Sodom and Gomorrah excelled in iniquity the great cities of the world at the present time?

The superb city of Edinburgh has been extolled and praised without ceasing. Her matchless beauty and magnificence have been painted and portrayed in the most glowing terms by writers and lovers of nature not unworthily; yet with all her pomposity, grandeur and the claims of Christianity which she holds forth in the eyes of the nation, under her mantle of dazzling gaudiness she covers a multitude of sins. Debauchery and misery abound, and that great social curse—prostitution—has its abode in the highest as well as the lowest society in a degree awful to behold. Contemplate for a moment the sight of thousands of women parading the streets day after day and night after night in solicitous pursuit of their vile profession, and no effort nor remedy attempted nor proposed by those in authority to check the consuming and increasing calamity. The ministers of religion, nearly all of them, and their vigilance societies, shut their eyes to the evils surrounding them, and turn a deaf ear to the voice of misery which ascends to heaven, while the victims of vice fill the poorhouses and hospitals to overflowing. It is no wonder that some of the energetic are beginning to see things as

they really are, and, stepping to the front, raise their voice in denouncing those easy-minded ministers of Christianity and the lethargy of their so-called vigilance societies.

Yet these thousands of unfortunates do not by any means include all the professional sisterhood. The hotels and haunts of society abound with these fair ones, hastening over the precipice of destruction—seeking after pleasure and enjoyment which will soon be turned to misery and despair. Their creed is "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

With all their wisdom and philosophy, those in power and authority have, up to the present, utterly failed to disestablish this great evil, which is ruining the souls and bodies of their fellow creatures. Were they as diligent in bringing to justice the participators of this crime, as they are in opposing the principle of plural marriage, their efforts might be attended with some success. But why have they not succeeded? Because many of them are guilty of revelling in the enjoyment of this iniquity, and therefore are almost unwilling to interfere, and only half-heartedly try to suppress it for the sake of maintaining the appearance of their high sense of morality. Still there are others more anxious and willing to uproot the evil, and accordingly devise plans to this end. But what is the result? They utterly fail because they only work theoretically and not practically. Men may prate and scheme as long as eternity, and never shall this sin be exterminated until honorable marriage be within the reach of all women, and when every woman may have a husband, which, in the present state of society, is an impossibility, and consequently thousands and thousands of women who could fulfill the measure of their creation are thus prevented from doing so and, nature predominating, are induced to take the course which leads them on to misery, degradation and premature death, filling the world with wickedness and crime. This is but one of the many blots on the page of Edinburgh life. Drunkenness goes hand in hand with it.

The young and rising generation are the very pictures of vice. Immorality is depicted on almost every countenance. Let any one traverse Princes Street, and especially Waterloo Place, on a Sabbath evening, and a sight most deplorable, disgusting and melancholy will everywhere meet the eye. Many hundreds of boys and girls, mere children, may be seen smoking, swearing, and using obscene language, seemingly enjoyed by each other. A generation in youth so vile and wicked must necessarily grow worse the older it becomes. It bids fairly to surpass in abomination the older members of the community who have nursed and trained it in their own iniquity.

This is but one of the cities of the world, and by no means the worst in crime. Even under her protecting wing lies in security the old town of Leith, and a place containing more drunkenness, wretchedness and immorality, in comparison to its size, does not, I believe, exist. The inhabitants of the lower class generally are mill-workers, and the female portion (the majority) it is certain can "quaff the bowl" without a wink. A Saturday evening, in the lower parts of the town, reveals to the gaze drunkenness, rioting and misery shocking to behold. The young of this community are infinitely worse in every respect than the old.

The clouds of divine wrath hang over the world, awaiting the decree of the Almighty to pour down destruction, desolation and death upon all who do wickedly. But God in His mercy has appointed a time for repentance and warning, and has prepared an ark of safety for all those who are willing to serve Him. His goodness and mercy are infinite, but His judgments are terrible, and will come to pass as surely as they have been predicted; therefore let those who seek for safety flee to Zion and forsake Babylon, that they partake not of her sins, and receive not of her plagues.

N. W. MACLEOD.

An unkind word falls easily from the mouth, says a Chinese proverb, but six coach-horses cannot draw it back again.

UTAH NEWS.

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(Summarized from Territorial Papers.)

Salt Lake City is somewhat afflicted with the tramp nuisance.

Beautiful weather was being enjoyed in Utah during the early part of November.

The immense building of Z. C. M. I. in Salt Lake City is being enlarged by a brick addition.

Arrangements have been made for fencing with wire fifty miles of the Union Pacific R. R. in Utah.

An attempt will be made to induce the City Council of Salt Lake to pass a "Curfew law," similar to that enjoyed by Ogden.

The Birmingham *Times* says that during the last forty years 20,000 "Mormons" have emigrated from Birmingham to Utah.

Wm. E. Bruce was killed by the premature explosion of a blast in the Pinto mine at Stockton, Tooele County, on the 28th ult.

There were forty-four deaths in Salt Lake City during the month of October, 1886, of which thirty-two were males and twelve females.

A Chinaman named Lee Wy accidentally shot and killed another Chinaman named Chan Sing at Bingham Canyon on the 2nd inst.

By proclamation of President Cleveland, Thursday, Nov. 25th, was appointed a day of thanksgiving and prayer in the United States.

An academy, similar to the celebrated Brigham Young Academy in Provo was formally opened in Beaver on the 3rd inst. Elder R. Maeser is principal.'

There was very little excitement in Utah in relation to the election, and a very light vote was polled. The People's Party had an overwhelming majority.

Ogden is enjoying prosperous times since the commencement of the building of the great Union Railway Depot. Real estate particularly has gone up in value.

A flow of about fifty-five gallons of artesian water per minute has been obtained by sinking a 1½ inch pipe a little over 200 feet on the Court House lot in Provo.

Samuel H. Beckstead was accidentally shot by a companion while they were out hunting rabbits near South Jordan on the 1st inst. It is believed he will recover.

The October company of our emigration reached Salt Lake City on Monday afternoon, Nov. 1st. The journey overland from Philadelphia was the quickest yet made by any company.

Taken altogether the election in the United States has been favorable to the Republican party, although the Democrats still have a small majority in the Representative part of Congress.

At a recent Conference of the Latter-day Saints in the Sandwich Islands, the statistical report showed that they numbered a total of 3,386; 181 persons had been baptized during the preceding six months.

One hundred and seventy-three excursionists arrived in Salt Lake by the Union Pacific Railway on Saturday, Oct. 30th, and with another party who came *via* the D. and R. G. Railway attended services at the Tabernacle the next day.

The November number of the *Contributor* commences the eighth volume of that valuable and popular magazine. An important feature of the new volume will be a serial article on "The Rise and Fall of Nauvoo," by Elder B. H. Roberts.

The annual report of the Weber County Superintendent of Schools for 1886 shows a school population of 4,477. Number of school-houses, 30. Value of school property, $72,688.65. Total paid to teachers, $14,244.20. Tax and appropriation raised for support of public schools, $19,067.32.

Millard County is afflicted with a cattle plague which, however, is not confined to the cattle, but also affects the poultry. Its victims become stone blind, and numbers of animals are obtaining a scanty sustenance on the ranges by the sense of feeling. The disease is very infectious.

The range in some portions of Southern Idaho is so poor, that many Cache Valley men who intended to winter their stock upon it have brought their cattle into Cache Valley and will feed hay to their animals. The hay crop was light, and this demand upon it has raised its price to a figure unknown for years.

The religious test oath which disfranchises the "Mormons" in Idaho, was enforced at the late election. In Bear Lake County, which is almost entirely "Mormon," the polling places were draped in mourning, and appropriate mottoes were exposed. In some of the towns of this county it is expected that men to take the offices will have to be imported, as there are not enough anti-"Mormon" residents to fill them.

The *Deseret News* says: "At a recent conclave of the prelates of the Episcopal denomination, a change was made in the "Apostles' creed," so that, instead of "He descended into hell," it reads, "He went into the place of departed spirits." This change in the time-honored articles of faith of that influential body of worshipers is highly significant of the fact that new and enlarged ideas of man's condition succeeding this, and of the possibilities of that state, are receiving widespread attention and credence among reflecting believers in the Scriptures."

November 15th had been set as the day for the opening of the Salt Lake Stake Academy, in rooms of the Social Hall in Salt Lake City. It will be distinctively a Latter-day Saint School, on the plan of the Brigham Young Academy, and under the same able supervision—viz., that of Professor Karl G. Maeser. The prospectus says: "Those wishing to have their children receive a moral training and an understanding of the principles of the Gospel, in connection with the other branches taught in a first-class Intermediate department, are invited to patronize the institution." We notice with much pleasure this important addition to the facilities in Utah for the proper education of the children of the Latter-day Saints.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1886.

MISSIONARY LABORS.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—Eccles. ix, 10.

There is a world of good, sound philosophy in these words of the Preacher; and the significance of them is confirmed by the experience of every life. Thus while glorious success crowns the lives of some, and others go down in the darkness of ignominious failure, it will generally be found that the ranks of the former are largely made up of those who put their whole soul in their work, and who, having found a task worthy of their effort, engage in it with all their might.

To no class of men do the words we have quoted come with greater force and appropriateness than to those who are honored and endowed with the Holy Priesthood, and who have been called to be messengers of salvation to this generation. To be "called of God" brings the highest responsibility that can rest upon man, and the eternal interests of those who are thus endowed, as well as of all mankind who are brought within reach of their influence and ministrations, are greatly affected by the manner in which we acquit ourselves of this important responsibility.

There is a great variety of offices and callings in the Church and Kingdom of God, and the same Elder in the course of his experience may be called to fill many positions of trust and service. Many of the brethren who are now laboring as missionary Elders in this land were, but a short time ago, engaged in labors of an entirely different nature, though, perhaps, equally essential in the development of God's great purposes and Work, and another year or two will probably bring to us still other duties differing greatly from those now occupying our attention.

But in all these various callings we should bring to the discharge of our duties that earnestness of purpose, untiring perseverence and indomitable will so quaintly and yet so forcibly enjoined upon us by the maxim of Israel's wise king. A compliance with his advice will make us not only earnest but also busy workers, for we may depend upon it that if we do with all our might whatsoever our "hand findeth to do," we will never see the time when there will be nothing to be done. It is only our inclination, earnestness and ability to labor that we need to cultivate and develop, the work for our hand and heart and brain will be always forthcoming.

To bring these principles directly home to us "who are called to labor and minister for God," as missionaries in these lands, we can truly say there is no time in a missionary's experience in which he does not find plenty to do, and with the necessity attached of doing it with all his might, in discharging those duties which pertain to his sacred calling. The promptings of the Holy Spirit which it is his privilege and right to enjoy, the counsels and instructions of those who direct his labors in the ministry, and the general teachings which ancient and modern revelation furnishes for the guidance of the Priesthood, are all agreeable and important aids which ever give timely stimulus and direction to his labors of love, and although at the beginning of these labors, while they are yet new to him, he may feel at some little loss to know what to do, his work will continue to open up in all directions around him until he finds the illimitable plane of his usefulness only bounded by the horizon of his ability.

There is nothing so necessary to a servant of God as the *spirit* of the calling that he is honored by the Almighty to operate in. When an Elder is called to any particular labor, it is his privilege to enjoy the spirit of it, but a due effort will be necessary on his part to secure and retain this spirit. He must live for it. He must make every possible exertion to qualify himself for his duties. He should never rest satisfied until he feels the spirit of his calling glowing within his bosom and inspiring his soul. He must strive for it, pray for it, and if necessary fast for it. When this is secured his duties become pleasant and agreeable to him; he is interested in his labors; he knows he is where the requirements of God's Work call him to be, and he has no desire to be any where else. His only anxiety is to do the greatest amount of good in the limited time he has to do it in, and whatsoever his hand finds to do, he does it with all his might. The thought nearest the heart of a true missionary is, How can I best honor my calling and fill my mission?

We know these are the feelings which very generally actuate our missionaries. In the letters from the brethren to President Wells the desire is always manifested to do everything possible for the spread of truth, and to bring the principles of the Gospel to the notice and attention of the greatest number of people. Methods are discussed, suggestions made, plans proposed and counsel asked as to the best means for making our missionary labors effective. Our methods have to be adapted to circumstances and seasons, and already our presiding Elders have been discussing, and to some extent adopting, a change of programme as we approach the winter season.

Elder Walsh, President of the Nottingham Conference, in a letter published in last week's STAR, says: "As the weather is getting too cold to hold many out-door meetings, we have thought it would be wise to open private houses for meetings, wherever we could get them, inviting the people in, which, together with the distributing of tracts, will furnish the Elders plenty to do for a good winter's work." Elder Walsh is an experienced and efficient missionary and we reproduce his words, sketching his intended winter's "campaign," for we think that he proposes two of the most efficient agencies within our reach for missionary work in the winter season. Particularly do we call the attention of the brethren to the plan of opening as many private

rooms as possible in which meetings can be held. We have long thought this to be one of the very best means for instructing and strengthening the Saints in our holy religion, and for preaching the Gospel to our friends who are not of our faith. The Saints can materially assist in this plan (in fact their co-operation is essential to its success), by putting their rooms at the service of the priesthood, and by inviting their relatives, friends and neighbors to the meetings. A great advantage secured by these small gatherings is that social converse and interchange of ideas can be had at the close of the services, in which questions can be asked and answered, objections met and removed in a more thorough manner than is possible in large gatherings, and a more direct personal influence brought to bear upon both Saints and strangers that will be far more effective for good than the generalities to which a speaker is confined in larger and more formal meetings. We have been much strengthened in these views by learning that such meetings are being inaugurated in Salt Lake City among the Saints, and for reasons (so far as they are applicable to members of the Church) similar to those we urge for their general adoption in our Conferences and Districts. History tells us these little gatherings and meetings were very common among the ancient Saints (persecution usually prevented large gatherings of the people), and our Savior referred to them when He promised that where two or three were gathered together in His name He would be in the midst of them. We are convinced that the advantages of multiplying these little meetings to a greater degree than ever before will become more apparent to the Saints as they more fully reflect upon them and practically adopt the plan. As to the importance of a careful and systematic distribution of the printed word, and the opportunities it affords for conversations upon and explanations of our doctrines, they are matters that have been often and fully discussed and need only to be mentioned.

Mutual Improvement Associations, even though conducted on a small scale, can also be made of service in imparting instruction and affording refined entertainment. By these and many other means that will readily occur to the Elders, according to the various circumstances surrounding them, the coming winter may be made profitable and interesting to themselves and to those with whom they associate. There is no doubt that we will all find enough to occupy our time; and plenty of good work to do, with the will and ability to do it, bring happiness and content, and assist materially to make a record that will never bring a regret to the heart nor a blush to the cheek. G. O.

RELEASES AND APPOINTMENTS.—Elder Milford B. Shipp is released from the Leeds Conference and appointed to labor in the London Conference; Elder Lorenzo S. Huish is appointed President of the Leeds Conference; Elder Robert Davidson is appointed President of the Liverpool Conference.

FOR SALE.—We have on hand a few copies of the Photographic Group of missionary Elders who were laboring in Great Britain in 1885. Price two shillings each.

BRISTOL CONFERENCE.—Meetings of the Bristol Conference will be held at 101, High Street, Cheltenham, on Sunday, Dec. 26, 1886, commencing at 10-30 a.m., and 3 and 6-30 p.m.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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MISSIONARY LABORS IN HOLLAND.

Groningen, Nov. 15, 1886.

President D. H. Wells.

Dear Brother,—It is some time since last you heard from me, and, I have no doubt, but that a few words from this part of the world will be welcome.

My fellow laborers and myself in this mission are enjoying the best of health, and also enjoy the assistance of the Spirit of God. The work is going on slowly, still the prospects are bright; from what I can learn of some of the old members, this mission never was in a better condition than at present, and prospects are brighter than they ever have been. Thousands of people have heard our testimony, and many thousands of tracts have been distributed and collected again. I have just had two thousand of the Morgan tracts, No. 1, printed, and will have some No. 2 printed, as soon as I have translated it. We are going to work with these tracts; up to this time we have been using Elder Dent's tract, "The Gospel of Christ," and hope to have more access to the people in getting them to investigate. The people here, as a general rule, are not like the English; they are so tied up to their old traditions, and Satan has such strong hold of them, that it is impossible to make them see any other way. There have not been many baptisms this year, yet we do not feel discouraged at all; we know that the Gospel of the kingdom must be preached for a witness before the end shall come, and that not many will receive it; for as Jesus said: "Shall I find faith?" But sometimes I feel a little jealous when I read the reports of the different Conferences, and see so many have been baptized, but then I feel comforted when the answer comes to me to go on and do my best and leave the rest to the Lord. Yes, we can only plant and water, but the Lord must give the increase; He knows what is best. We labor diligently, and we have also one local brother as a missionary, so there are four altogether in this nation, which is more than ever before. But I have great faith that the next year will bring more fruit to our labors than the last, for we have only just got started. I had quite a labor to bring this mission in good order, in which the Lord has strengthened me abundantly, so that the Saints are all feeling well and are trying to do their duty, and many of them are trying to live up to the Word of Wisdom.

The power and blessings of the Gospel have attended our labors; some of the sick have been healed through their faith and the administration of the ordinances. One lady, who was baptized about two months ago, and who was not able to walk ten steps without a machine, before baptism, is able to walk all she wants without it, and never has any pain whatever. She cannot read nor write, but she bears her testimony and preaches the Gospel unto the unbelieving, so that Scribes and Pharisees are astonished; thus we see that God is with us, and blesses us abundantly, for which we have not words sufficient to express our gratitude to Him who is doing all this.

Some time ago I had an opportunity of renting a good, large hall in one of the great cities, and I held three meetings. I had about 400 listeners every time, and the Spirit of the Lord was with me, so that I had an abundance of words, speaking one hour and a half each time, and they were all satisfied until I began to talk about Joseph Smith, then there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, in fulfillment of the promise made to Joseph that his name should be had for good and evil. They were not able to harm me in any way, for the Lord prevented it; their desire was to whip me, and they waited for

me for that purpose, but every time the meeting was out, I marched right through their midst, and they had to make room for me, and were not able to do anything, for the Lord did not let them. It has created quite a stir among this people, and I have no doubt but what it will bear some fruit.

I have succeeded in renting a nice, little hall, where I can hold meetings regularly every Sunday, and give the public a chance to come and hear. This makes two places in this land where we hold public meetings. I have three Sunday Schools organized, and, although small, they keep increasing. There is plenty of room for more missionaries, for four of us cannot do all the labor required, while I have to travel to every Branch and meet with the Saints. Thus prospects are bright, and with the aid and assistance of the Lord, we hope to work with all the energy possible for the saving of souls, and that our garments may be clean from the blood of this generation.

I remain your brother in the Gospel,

JOHN W. F. VOLKER.

ELDER BRAMWELL REPORTS PROGRESS IN THE SHEFFIELD CONFERENCE.

Sheffield, November 18, 1886.

President D. H. Wells.

Dear Brother,—The following are a few facts respecting the present condition of this part of the Lord's vineyard. I am pleased to report that a general reformation has taken place throughout the entire Conference.

The meeting room which the Saints of the Sheffield Branch have used for some time past, has of late been entirely too small, and we shall get a larger one as soon as possible, though we find the landlords very reluctant in renting their halls to "Mormons."

The Chesterfield Branch is in a very prosperous condition. Some proselytes (who have fought us for years,) have been made, and a spirit of inquiry and investigation is manifest. I think quite a number will shortly be added to the fold. We have recently organized a Sunday School which is well attended. I have no doubt that good will be the result.

The Tipton Branch has for some time past been in rather low water, but the prospects are favorable at present.

We anticipate soon to organize a Branch at Pilley, at which place we have lately baptized quite a number. Many more are favorable towards us and the doctrines we advocate.

We have held a great many open-air meetings at Hayland Common, where we have been received with kindness. I have had some very large and attentive audiences. We expect to do considerable tracting in that vicinity during the winter months, and trust good will be the result of our labors.

Elders Francis, Nichols and Wadsworth are laboring assiduously with me for the comforting of the Saints, the bringing of glad tidings to the honest and warning the wicked.

I feel well in laboring for so great a cause, and while I feel my weakness in my new position, I trust the Lord will, as he has ever done, make me equal to the occasion. I feel thankful for the privileges the Saints of the Most High enjoy, and though we are suffering persecution, we know it will serve no other end than to cleanse and purify Zion; then the Saints will shout with joy, while the wicked will be chastened for their disobedience to God and His servants.

I desire to labor according to the dictates of the Holy Ghost, and while I do not expect to satisfy all, I trust such a course will please my Heavenly Father and all true Latter-day Saints.

Praying God to bless Zion and all who favor her, I remain, with kind regards to all at "42," your brother in the Gospel of peace,

FRANK S. BRAMWELL.

THE JUBILEE OF THE TELEGRAPH.—It may not be generally remembered that next year is not only the Royal jubilee, but is also the jubilee of the electric telegraph in England. The first practical electric telegraph was worked between Euston Station and Camden Town on July 25, 1837.

A VISIT TO THE FOUNDLING—*HUSH!*

BY ELDER JOHN H. KELSON.

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On Sunday morning, the 7th of Nov., I paid a visit to the Foundling Hospital, London. I presented myself at the entrance a few minutes past eleven o'clock, and was confronted by a liveried porter, holding a brightly polished silver plate in his hand, and, as it had the appearance of being "a mackerel to catch a sprat," I took the hint, and deposited a piece of silver on the plate. I dropped it lightly, modestly preferring to not call attention to my liberality (three-penny bits have a modest ring, anyhow). I entered the center building, which proved to be a large, commodious chapel, in which divine service was then being held. The pews and galleries were very handsome, and all filled with a very high toned class of worshipers. I soon discovered that the services were of the Episcopal order, and known as the High Church type. The prayers and liturgy were read by the ministers in a most weird and seductive monotone, and the responses were sung, a grand organ and professional choir leading. The music and singing were very beautiful; the preacher's voice rich and charming. The sermon was a gem of elocution—that alone was worth threepence. The text was: "What God hath joined together let no man put assunder."

I thought directly of marriage and divorce courts, but the gifted clergyman never once referred to subjects so commonplace and vulgar. He discoursed of Professor Huxley and of the ampler anthem, which would be sung when science and theology shall be united together in sweet and indissoluble union.

On either side of the organ was a steep gallery, filled on the right hand with little girls, on the left with boys; these were the foundlings. There were, at least, 500 of these children, apparently between the ages of five and ten years. They were dressed in uniform, and were very quiet and still during the whole time of the service, in which they took an active part, and were as serious and decorous as the most devout worshipers.

When the exercises were over, I went to the dining rooms on the ground floor—there is one for the boys and another for the girls. Each room is probably a hundred feet long, and is furnished with two tables, running nearly the whole length, with forms, without backs, at the sides. I visited the dormitories and bath rooms. The former are lofty and capacious, and seem to be perfect in cleanness and general sanitory appointments. There was a large fireplace in each, in which blazed a cheerful fire, while a refreshing stream of fresh air swept through from end to end. I walked through the picture gallery, and was much interested with the gems of art and other noteworthy objects which adorned the walls and were otherwise disposed in the elegant apartments.

When the children came in for dinner, they entered in single file and walked in slow and even order down each side of the tables. They all stopped together like well drilled little soldiers. On a signal being given by a rap on the table, they instantly turned and faced the tables. Another rap and each pair of tiny hands were raised and held palm to palm, in front of the breast. A few moments pause and a little voice said "Grace before meat." At another rap, the hands fell to their sides again; and still another, and each child stepped over the form and sat down at the tables. The dinner was abundant and substantial, consisting of meat and potatoes, with gravy, and bread and water, served by big girls and young women.

These children did not appear to be unhappy, but they had the appearance of being as well fed and cared for as any children need be. And yet, as I attentively gazed upon their little countenances, there was something in their looks which deeply moved me. The spectacle drew a gloom over my

spirit and filled my soul with a melancholy sadness. There was a mute and sedate expression on each face that was painful to me. Each face wore this subdued cast. It was not natural and childlike; it was more the anxious, careworn look of chastened age. I was with those little ones half an hour, and I saw only one smile. That smile went into my heart and sent up something to my throat, and my eyes got wet. It was the only bit of childhood I saw, where there ought to have been so much, and that was so precious that it melted me in a moment. If they had all laughed I should not have been moved; but that one faint ripple, such as a tiny minnow might make on the placid surface of the still water, was so touching.

It was a strange sight, this unnatural *hush* of childish mirth and restless frolic. Not a sound was uttered, not even a whisper passed, but they viewed everything—the table, the visitors—with a quiet, leaden stare. There was a something behind that look; there was a cause for this mysterious hush. It made me think of the grave, the pale face of a female corpse floating above the surface of the Thames. I saw in them the white features of the frail mother, as with stealthy hand she dropped her babe upon the doorstep. I could trace the lineaments of fear and shame. These little, innocent waifs had been thrown from moral wrecks upon the bleak shore, outcasts, deserted, not wanted. How could they laugh? Their eyes never drank in the rapturous love-gaze of a mother's face; how could their eyes shine? They had never been warmed and soothed upon the soft breast, and kissed, and hugged, and squeezed, like natural children; of course, they were cold and cheerless, and without soul; they were caged birds, who had never known the freedom of the wild wood, and never tuned their voices to the joyous shout, and had never joined in the merry romping gambols of their free fellows. No, there was a settled stillness brooding over those little spirits, a chilly hush that froze the gushing gladness at the fountain, and forbade the childish mirth to flow. I have seen such faces on little children who had lost their parents, and, being too young to realize the extent of the bereavement, have sat and watched with anxious expectation for ma and pa to come back. Also in pictures of the "Babes in the Wood," who had laid, clasped in each other's arms, and had sobbed themselves into exhausted submission.

What was this power which had spread such a mysterious spell over this host of little ones, and made them look like long rows of inanimate dolls or lifeless statuettes? Had they come from the land of silence, where the rivers glide with noiseless flow, where the birds are mute and still, and the breezes waft no sound, nor stir the leaves with gentle flutter?

No, it is the reflex of the hush of guilt. It is the phantom of fear and dread that always follows and hovers around secret transgression. It is the sign of conscious guilt skulking behind the vail of innocence. It is the shadow of the hand, which would fain hide its work in the grave, but shrinks from committing murder. It is the hush of the forbidden meeting and the stolen embrace. It is the hush born of cankering terror, that drives the bloom from the cheek and steals the light from the eye, when the tokens of retribution turn the stolen sweets to bitterest gall. It is the hush begotten of sobs in the secret closet. It is the hush that attends the innocent, but ill-starred victim, when, with trembling hands, it is thrust through the dark, stony portal. It is the hush of the cheerless nursery, where caresses and loving kisses are not known, where the constrained and mechanical routine of motherhood is dispensed by strangers, with cold breasts and chilly hands, and faces without smiles. It is the hush that pervades every hall of that home of strange and arctic comfort.

This is only one of the clusters of deadly fruit which load and bend to the earth the corrupt tree of apostate Christianity, with a branch thereof flourishing in wealth in this same building.

When the church service ended, a number of the richly dressed worshipers repaired to the dining rooms and watched, with varied interest, the

long rows of juvenile feeders. A curious and detective eye, guided, perhaps, by unjust suspicion, could not help observing certain strange gestures, looks, and positive traces of lineament and features of resemblance, leading from the unconscious face of the child up to that of the interested on-looker. It is not improbable that on the occasion there were some private recognitions of parental affinities, and not unnatural that a motherly instinct should prompt the frail one to gaze upon her child. But what of the system which bears such fruit? What of a religion that embraces such appendages? What of a church which fellows such members?

Fancy that holy and devout congregation, adorned with jewels, clad in silk and fine cloth, piously bending over their perfumed, gilt-edged prayer books, bowing their solemn, hypocritical faces in reverent attitude in the presence of five hundred bastards, some of whom were the undoubted offspring of members of that congregation.

In his sermon the minister declared that "a man can be a profound theologian without being religious." He might have added that the cyprian and adulterer can be in full fellowship with the Episcopal church; but he did'nt. He dare not break the *hush*.

The heinous and hateful nature of the sin of unlawful cohabitation is certain and evincible, although much of its hideous deformity is unrecognized or softened by familiarity. The monster evil is the more dreadful and dangerous because its presence is condoned, and its ravages unchecked by wholesome public condemnation and adequate punishment. More harmful to its victims than the robbing them of earthly goods; more pernicious in its mischievous effects upon society than the taking of human life, public countenance has made the offense unimportant, and its retribution trivial. As the crime of robbery among the Spartans consisted not in the theft, but in being caught in it, so the disgrace of whoredom and adultery lies only in their exposure. Society recognizes their presence and calls it "a necessary evil," but pretends to be shocked only when their filthy features are made public. Murderers and thieves are hunted down; secret conspirators and public defamers are dragged from their lodgements and meet condign punishment; but there is no "Secret Detective Service" to ferret out adulterous husbands; no raiding of the gorgeous palaces of voluptuous harlotry; no disturbance of saintly seducers and prudish procuresses; no punishment of flaunting mistresses and pious whoremongers. There is no earnest effort made to cut out these loathsome cancers which are poisoning and eating away the vitals of society.

No, but there is a law of easy divorce, and a heavy penalty against bigamy, and a holy horror of polygamy and its reformatory power. With these features added to the picture, the climax of human depravity is attained, and the absurdity of man's blindness and folly reaches sublimity.

UTILIZING NIAGARA.—The project for the utilization of the vast water power of the Niagara Falls is about to be carried into execution. A tunnel will be driven from a point about a mile above the falls to a point below the falls. The length will be about two and a half miles, and the head obtained will be 120 feet. Turbines will be put down to drive mills, etc. Lockport, New York, will benefit largely by this enterprise. Land has been secured and surveyed on the line of the tunnel, and laid out into mill sites, with ample streets and railroad facilities, to accommodate 238 mills of 500 horse-power each, or an aggregate of 119,000 horse-power, which is the engineer's estimate of the capacity of the power obtainable from the tunnel, which will be 18 feet in diameter at the inlet, 18 feet and 20 feet on intermediate sections, and 24 feet at the outlet.

The inhabitants of London and its suburbs have unquestionably more to fear from an earthquake, if it should reach them, than those of any other city in Europe. Fortunately for the metropolis of the world, it is built on a thick deposit of clay and gravel. These—especially the latter—have little elasticity suitable for the transmission of earth-tremors.